



## AND WESTERN OLIVE BRANCH.

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'KNOWLEDGE IS POWER—IS WEALTH—IS HONOR.'

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### HISTORY.

#### HISTORY OF OHIO.

##### CHAPTER V.

Only a few weeks elapsed after the return of the army of general Harmar, from the expedition against the towns on the Maumee, until the Indians came upon the frontiers to revenge themselves. They did not wait for the return of spring; but, contrary to their usual system of warfare, commenced their operations in the middle of winter.

Their first attack was upon the settlement at Big-Bottom, upon the Muskingum, thirty-five miles above Marietta. Previous to that time, the people in that part of the country had never been molested by the Indians; but on the contrary frequently received friendly visits from them; and, having experienced their uninterrupted peaceful disposition for almost three years, had become entirely unapprehensive of danger. The settlement at Big Bottom was composed principally of young men without families, who, by becoming actual settlers, had each entitled themselves to a tract of one hundred acres, in a large body of land laid out in donation lots by the Ohio company, upon the frontier of their purchase. They occupied a block-house and two cabins, all near together, and amounted to only eighteen in number, besides a woman and two children. A party of Indians approached the settlement on the second of January, 1791, and laid concealed, upon the watch, until the dusk of the evening, when they divided into two parties, one of which went to one of the cabins, while the other went towards the block-house. The party that undertook the capture of the cabin, entered it without noise, and in a manner apparently friendly; and as soon as they had all got in they made signs to the men within it, four in number, to be quiet, threatening them with the tomahawk in case they resisted, and immediately bound them as prisoners. The other party came to the door of the block-house, and found its inmates, who had shortly before come in from their work, engaged in preparing their supper, with their arms laid carelessly around the apartment. A large Mohawk Indian sudden-

ly pushed open the door, and his followers poured in a volley with their rifles, and then rushed in and completed the work with their tomahawks. The only resistance they met with was made by the woman. While the Mohawk was holding the door open, at the moment of the firing, she seized an axe, with which she gave him a severe wound; but she was immediately afterwards tomahawked. The only person in the block-house who was not killed, was a boy who had concealed himself in the bedding piled up in the corner of the room, and was not discovered, until the Indians began to search for plunder after the massacre was over. They saved his life, and afterwards carried him to Detroit, together with the four men taken in the cabin. The other cabin was occupied by two men named Ballard, who immediately on hearing the firing at the block-house, rushed out and made their escape, and reached the next frontier settlement before daylight, in time to put the inhabitants on their guard. The Indians came on early in the morning; but finding the people prepared for their defence, made no attack, and retired without molesting any other settlement.

Within a few days after the attack upon the settlements on the Muskingum, a much more formidable force approached those in the Miami country. The frontier post in that quarter was Dunlap's station, now Colerain on the Great Miami. The garrison consisted of thirty-five regulars under the command of captain Kingsbury, and there were about fifteen men of the inhabitants capable of taking part in its defence. About the 10th of January, the Indian force, which was supposed to amount to three hundred warriors, invested the fort. In their approach, they fell in with some men who were ranging the woods, killed one named Cunningham, wounded another named Sloane, who however escaped to the fort, and took one, named Abner Hunt, prisoner. When they surrounded the fort, they fastened a cord to Hunt's ankle, and made him get upon a log and demand a surrender, in which case they promised that all lives should be spared; but declared that, otherwise, the whole garrison as well as Hunt the prisoner, should be massacred. The garrison refused to surren-

der, and Hunt was told to run and try to make his escape; but he answered that he could not. The Indians immediately put their threats with regard to Hunt in execution. He was tortured and mangled in a most barbarous manner; and the last of his sufferings, from the appearance of his body after the siege was broken up, was the burning of his bowels with a flaming brand. The attack upon the fort then commenced, and the firing was continued throughout the day, during which a number of the Indians were killed and wounded, while the only injury done to any of the garrison was a slight wound to one of the men, in the arm. The women bore their part in the defence, by running bullets, for which purpose, when lead failed, they melted down their pewter utensils. When night came and the firing had ceased, one of the men left the garrison, and having succeeded in making his way through the Indians without being noticed, reached Cincinnati in safety, where he gave the first intelligence of the attack of the station. The news was spread to Columbia, and the inhabitants of both places volunteered; so that with the regulars that could be spared from fort Washington, a considerable force was raised, which marched without delay to the relief of the place. They arrived about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and found that the Indians had given up the siege about two hours before; having first either killed or driven off all the stock around the garrison. They were followed a short distance, but were not overtaken, and it was not deemed prudent to pursue them very far. The siege had lasted about twenty-six hours.

In the course of the following spring, the enemy again began to lay in wait for boats upon the Ohio. About the 20th of March a detachment of troops was ascending the river from fort Washington to Limestone, and were surprised by the Indians, and twenty out of twenty-two were massacred with the tomahawk, without a gun being fired. A few men, during the same spring, started, in a periougue from Cincinnati to Columbia, and were attacked a little above the mouth of Deer creek, and several of them were killed. But a short time afterwards, a desperate encounter with a single boat discouraged them from that mode

of fighting, and the river subsequently remained unmolested. In fact there was probably no occurrence in the whole war, in which more signal bravery was displayed, than in Hubbell's boat fight; and no victory was ever better merited by those who obtained it.

Captain William Hubbell had removed from Vermont to the neighborhood of Frankfort in Kentucky, and having gone to the eastward on business, was returning down the river in a flat-boat which he had purchased on the Monongahela. The company on board having received various accessions on its passage down, consisted, on leaving the mouth of the Kenhawa, of nine men, three women, and eight children. From various circumstances, it was thought probable that they would be attacked by the Indians, and Mr. Hubbell was appointed commander of the boat, and preparations were made to resist any attack that might be made upon them, by dividing the nine men into watching of three, and putting their arms in as good condition as possible. In the evening of the 23d of March, they overtook six boats, and at first thought of continuing in their company; but they soon found that they were likely to be in more danger by keeping together than by leaving them, as they could not be prevailed upon to make the proper disposition for resisting the attack of the enemy, which there was so much reason to expect. They accordingly manned their oars, and went ahead of the other boats, one of which however, in charge of captain Greathouse, at first kept with them, but its crew ceasing to row, it fell behind. During the early part of the night, a canoe was seen floating along in which they supposed were Indians observing them. They thought it probable that the attack would not be made until daylight, and therefore continued their regular division of the night-watch, intending as soon as morning appeared, to make all the show of force that was possible, by having all the men visible. It was arranged that the women and children, in case of attack, should lie down in the bottom of the boat, with the baggage piled around them.

Just at the dawn they were hailed from the shore, and begged in the most piteous tone to land and take some white people on board; but knowing the artifices used by the Indians, they kept on their way, when the language of entreaty was turned to that of abuse and insult, and verified their suspicions. They soon heard the sound of paddles approaching them, and before long saw three canoes coming to the attack, each containing from twenty-five to thirty Indians. Every thing likely to prove an incumbrance was thrown overboard, and the men took their positions, with directions to fire successively, and to make every shot tell. The Indians on coming up, placed one of their canoes before the bow of the boat, one astern, and the other at one side, and a volley was poured in by one of them, which wounded two of the boat's crew. The fire was returned, and checked the Indians, and it then became more deliberate on both sides. In a short time, captain Hubbell had his right arm disabled by a ball passing through it, and

with a pair of pistols, to repel the enemy, who were just attempting to board, and had got their hands upon the sides. He fired his pistols, and then caught up some small wood from a pile prepared for the fire, with which he prevented them from entering, and finally beat them off. About this time the boat of captain Greathouse appeared in sight, and the Indians left Hubbell's boat to attack it. It was taken without the least resistance, and rowed to the shore, where the captain and a boy were murdered. The Indians then took the women who were on board and placed them in their own canoes, and returned to the attack of Hubbell's boat, the defenders of which were reduced to the alternative of yielding, or perhaps of killing the women, whom the Indians placed in the most exposed situations. Four of the boat's crew had been disabled entirely, in the first encounter, and the captain was severely wounded in two places. They nevertheless resisted the attack with desperate resolution, and the Indians were compelled to draw off to the shore. By this time the boat had drifted close to the bank, and several hundred Indians were running down, and commenced firing upon them. Only two of the crew were now unhurt, and they were placed at the oars, while the others laid down, wherever they could screen themselves from the enemy's fire, which was continued for about twenty minutes, before they got out of its reach, when the women and children were paraded on the deck, and all joined in three cheers as a parting salutation to their discomfited assailants.

Two of the crew had been killed in the contest, and another mortally wounded. Only two of the nine had escaped uninjured. One of the children in the bottom of the boat had received a wound in his arm and another in his forehead, but had lain quiet, and did not even inform his mother until the contest was over; because, he said, the captain had ordered them to remain silent, and he was afraid she would have made a noise, if he had told her.

The boat reached Limestone about midnight following the day of the battle. Every plank above water was pierced with bullet-holes; hardly a space of two feet square being to be found which did not contain several. The five boats, which they had passed on the night before the attack, arrived safely at Limestone the next day, the Indians not having ventured to assail so many together after being signally defeated in the encounter with a single one.

After the return of Harmar's expedition, governor St. Clair had sent conciliatory messages to the Miami tribe of Indians but with no effect. In March, the attempt was again renewed, by sending Cornplanter, a Seneca chief, with several others of his tribe to the Miami villages, with instructions to impress the Indians with the desire cherished by the United States, for the establishment of peace, and with the evil consequences they would draw upon themselves by persisting in their hostilities. These overtures likewise failed.

In April similar messages were sent to the Delawares but with the same result.

During the spring, one of the spies employed in the service of the Ohio Company's settlements was killed by the Indians on the Hockhocking. On the 21st of May, two men were at work upon an out-lot in Cincinnati, when they were fired upon by the Indians and one of them named Joseph Cutter, was taken prisoner, but the other escaped unhurt. Some young men soon collected and started in pursuit, eight of whom, out of the forty continued after reaching the top of the hills. They soon were able to distinguish Cutter's tracks, in consequence of his losing one of his shoes; and discovered also, that the Indians were equal to themselves in number. They continued the pursuit on the run, until dark; when they returned to Cincinnati, and found afterwards that the Indians only went about two miles farther than they were followed, before they encamped. A party went out after them the next day, but did not overtake them. On the first of June, John Van Cleve, the man who escaped when Cutter was taken, was at work, with two other men, upon the same out-lot. They were fired upon by some Indians, and immediately ran for the town. After running several yards, Van Cleve had become considerable in advance of the others, when a naked Indian, who it was expected had concealed himself in a tree top for the purpose of intercepting their retreat, sprang upon him and a short struggle ensued, in which he succeeded in throwing the Indian upon the ground, but at the same instant received a mortal wound from his knife. The Indian stabbed him several times, and having taken his scalp, ran off, before the other two men came up, by which time he was already dead.

In May, Gen. Scott, of Kentucky, conducted an expedition of volunteers against the Indians upon the Wabash, which on the 1st of June, arrived at their villages, several of which they destroyed, and thirty-two of the enemy were killed, and fifty-eight taken prisoners. The army returned to Kentucky, without the loss of a man.

In the meantime the government had determined that an army should be raised and led against the Indians, consisting of a force they would not dare to encounter, and commanded by an officer, whose qualifications for the station, were thought to ensure a successful issue to the campaign. The command was confided in General St. Clair, who although he had been uniformly unfortunate in his previous military career, enjoyed the highest confidence of President Washington, and the general respect of the army. The force with which he commenced his campaign consisted of three regular regiments, principally new levies without discipline, with two companies of artillery and one of cavalry, and upwards of six hundred Kentucky militia. Fort Hamilton was built in their advance during the month of September, and afterwards Fort Jefferson in the early part of October. The object of the expedition was



the destruction of the towns on the Muamee, against which Harmer's campaign had been made. After placing a garrison in fort Jefferson, the army continued to advance slowly, having to open a road with much labor until, on the third of November, it encamped on the ground afterwards occupied by fort Recovery.—By the time it reached that place in consequence of the failure of the contractor, the supply of provisions was not sufficient for the consumption of the troops, and they were put upon short allowance. From this reason, or from some other cause of dissatisfaction, sixty of the Kentucky militia had deserted upon the last day of October, and turned homeward, and one of the regular regiments had been despatched to bring them back, and also to escort some provisions, which were supposed to be on the road. The absence of this regiment, and the detachments which had been left behind in the garrisons, had reduced the army, by the time it had reached its encampment on the 3d of November, to about fourteen or fifteen hundred men. At this time the General supposed that he was within about fifteen miles of the enemy's town but the real distance was about forty-five; and the creek before the camp, which he supposed to be St. Mary's river, was a branch of the Wabash. The ground being favorable, he had determined upon erecting a slight work for the protection of the baggage, the principal part of which he intended to leave there, and move onward to attack the enemy, as soon as the detached regiment should arrive. The main body of the army encamped in two lines about seventy yards apart, with the creek in front, and the militia were posted on the opposite side of the stream, about a quarter of a mile in advance. Still in advance of the militia, Captain Slough was posted with a company of regulars, with orders to intercept any small parties of the enemy that might approach with a design to molest the camp, and to communicate information of any important circumstances that he might observe. Colonel Oldham who commanded the Kentucky militia, received orders to be vigilant during the night, and to send out patrols of twenty-five or thirty men, in different directions before daylight for the purpose of scouring the woods. The front line of the main body was composed of the battalions commanded by Major General Butler; and the second consisted of two battalions commanded by Major Bedinger and Major Gaither, and a regiment commanded by Colonel Drake. The right flank was secured by the creek and a steep bank, and some of the cavalry with their pickets covered the left.

A few Indians had been observed in the evening, who fled with precipitation when the militia advanced across the creek to encamp. Captain Slough, who had been posted in advance, was alarmed during the night by the enemy approaching him in front and on the flanks in considerable numbers; and some time before daylight so many of them appeared, that he fell back upon the militia, and reported the fact to General Butler, who

paid no attention to the circumstances, and gave no notice of it to General St. Clair.—Colonel Oldham also neglected the commands that had been given to him to scour the woods before daylight; and the consequence was, that neither the army nor its commander knew of the vicinity of the enemy. It had been a constant practice to beat the reveille and parade the troops under arms before daylight. On the morning of the 4th, this had been done, and the troops, after remaining on parade until about a half an hour before sunrise, had just been dismissed, when the enemy suddenly attacked the militia in front. The drums immediately beat to arms as soon as the firing was heard and the troops were formed as expeditiously as possible; but the militia were soon broken, and came running into the camp in disorder, followed by the Indians, and rushing through the front line, threw it into confusion, which it was afterwards impossible entirely to remedy. The enemy now vigorously attacked the first line, but were considerably checked by a pretty well-directed fire in return. It was only for an instant, however; and in a few minutes the second line was attacked also. The weight of the fire was directed against the centre, where the artillery was placed.—The camp extended about three hundred yards, and it was soon wholly surrounded, and attacked from all quarters. The artillery-men were shot down and the guns silenced. The enemy concealed and sheltered themselves behind logs, trees and banks, and continued a most deadly fire upon the exposed troops, while they themselves suffered but inconsiderable loss. The carnage was tremendous. General St. Clair was so ill with the gout, that he was unable to mount a horse without assistance; and general Butler, the second in command was shot down and towahawked early in the action.—The officers suffered more than usual, in consequence of being exposed, while endeavoring to restore order among the men. After the artillerymen had been driven from their guns or killed, their places were supplied with infantry; but it was impossible for them to withstand the deadly fire of the enemy, and the guns were silenced. General St. Clair directed his litter to the quarter where this attack was the hottest, and ordered Lieutenant Colonel Drake to charge the enemy with the bayonet. The order was executed with great spirit and with apparent effect, the Indians were driven back three or four hundred yards, but Col. Drake was unable to maintain his ground, and was in turn driven back by the enemy. At the same time the Indians had broken into the camp upon the opposite side, and a charge was ordered in that quarter, with the same effect. The Indians were routed and driven back; but immediately forced the charging party to retire, and pursued them back to the camp as before. Several charges were made in this manner; and all with the same result. In each of them many men were lost, and the officers were almost all cut down. This circumstance, in consequence of the rawness

and inexperience of the troops, had a very material effect upon the fortune of the day. One regiment lost all its officers except three, of whom one was wounded by a shot through the body. The artillery officers were all killed except one, and he was severely wounded. At length it was manifest that nothing but a retreat could save the remainder of the army. Nearly half the men and four-fifths of the officers had fallen; and the fire of the enemy was as destructive and incessant as ever. The General therefore, ordered Colonel Drake to form the remnants of the battalions, and to charge the enemy, as if with a design to turn their right flank, but in reality to gain the road. The charge was made, and the Indians opened to the right and left, and two or three hundred troops had got through their lines before they discovered that a retreat was intended.—The camp and artillery were abandoned, the horses being nearly all killed; the General himself being mounted on a packhorse, that could not be forced out of a walk. No order could be preserved in the retreat, which soon became a flight. The men throw away their arms and accoutrements. Some endeavored to assist others forward, and some abandoned their friends to their fate, without an effort to save them. The enemy hung upon the rear, where stragglers were continually falling behind to be massacred by the tomahawk, and no attempt was made to repel their pursuers, who continued to annoy them for about four miles. The disorder reigned even after the pursuit had ceased, and the road was strewed with arms for many miles further. The fugitives at length reached fort Jefferson, which was twenty nine miles from the battle-ground, about sunset.

The killed in St. Clair's defeat amounted to six hundred and thirty, and the wounded to two hundred and forty-four, in addition to waggoners, drovers, packhorsemen, and women! It was supposed that near two hundred women were with the army, only three of whom escaped. Of the officers thirty-seven were killed and thirty were wounded. Among the former were Major General Butler, Colonel Oldham of the Kentucky militia, two majors, twelve Captains, and seven Lieutenants.

When the army reached fort Jefferson, they found there the regiment which had been sent after the militia deserters, who had been unable to overtake. They had returned without meeting the convoys of provisions; that had been expected, and there were none in the fort. A council having been called, it was unanimously agreed, that the strength of the army, even with the addition of the regiment that had not been in the action, was not equal to what it was in the morning, and it was not advisable to advance again. It was therefore determined, to return to winter quarters in fort Washington, leaving a garrison, with the wounded men, in fort Jefferson. The march was accordingly resumed about 10 o'clock the same evening; and after marching all night, and part of the following day they met a convoy of provisions

some of which were appropriated to the supply of their wants, and the rest sent to fort Jefferson. On the 8th of November, the remains of the army arrived at fort Washington.

The Indian force, which defeated St. Clair, has been variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to four thousand men. The smallest number has, however, generally been considered nearest the truth. It was commanded by a chief who had accompanied Burgoyne's army in his campaign during the war of the revolution, and it was supposed that he alone had devised the plan of attack, in opposition to the opinions of the other chiefs.

Soon after the return of the army to fort Washington, General Scott, of Kentucky, conducted a body of mounted volunteers, which had been raised as soon as intelligence of the disaster was received, to the battle ground. They approached it with caution and secrecy, and a party sent to reconnoitre found several hundred of the enemy occupying the ground, still enjoying themselves over the plunder of the camp. All were in fine humor—some drunk, some playing and sporting in different ways; among whom were some diverting themselves with riding bullocks with their faces toward their tails. General Scott immediately disposed his forces so as to fall upon them suddenly, and completely routed them, killing upwards of two hundred, with a very inconsiderable loss on his own part. The artillery, and some of the baggage yet remaining upon the field, were recovered, and about six hundred muskets were picked up in the camp and on the road, where they had been thrown away by the fugitives. Thus closed the eventful year of 1779.

[*Western Monthly Magazine.*]

## CHOICE EXTRACTS.

### AN ADVENTURE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

The clock of Notre Dame was just telling midnight. I was hastening home to my hotel in the Suburb St. Germaine; when I crossed the Point Neuf, a horse, driven rapidly in a gig, stumbled and fell, sparks of fire flew in all directions, from the violence of the fall, and a scream of alarm in a female voice issued from the interior of the carriage. I hastened to yield my assistance, and arrived very seasonably, for the driver, reckless of every thing else, had rushed to his horse's head, and vainly endeavored to get the animal, which was dangerously hurt, upon his legs again.

The lady had fainted. I took her out in my arms, and seated her on the side walk. As fear had been the principal cause of her swooning, she soon opened her eyes; her senses returned, and in a sweet and trembling voice, she thanked me for the kindness I had shown her.

"You will permit me, madame," said I, "to complete the good work begun by so happy a

chance: you certainly will not refuse me the pleasure of seeing you safely home."

"I am sorry to give you so much trouble, sir, but I accept your invitation thankfully; my abode is not far from this—I shall not detain you a moment."

"What number, madame?"

"Forty."

We were there in a few minutes.

I was retiring. "Not yet," said the lady; "you must not refuse some slight refreshment."

There was so much kindness in these few words, that I could not refrain accepting the invitation—more particularly as the stranger was very beautiful. We therefore entered, an old servant opening the door.

"I shall treat you without ceremony, sir, and receive you into my bed-room—it is absolutely too cold in the parlor." \* \* \*

Refreshments were served up. The lady and myself seated ourselves at a marble table. The conversation of course turned upon the accident to which she had so nearly fallen a victim.

"Do you feel any pain, madame?" I asked.

"Not the slightest, sir—fright made me faint, but I am now perfectly well."

"Then I shall always bless the occurrence that produced me the happiness of your acquaintance."

"There was really something romantic in this adventure. Don't you think so?"

This singular question, although very simple in itself, embarrassed me considerably. I know not what answer I made to it; for a cold sweat had overshadowed my forehead. According to my usual praiseworthy custom, I coursed over the lady's bed with my eyes, and upon the embroidered muslin that covered it, I had seen numerous drops of blood! Strange suspicions assailed me. The hour—the horses' fall might have been a trick; the unceremonious conduct of my entertainer—her invitation up stairs—blood—all these taken in connection, made me extremely uneasy; but judge my feelings when a moment later I saw the hilt of a dagger peeping out from the pillow. I started up. I was pale no doubt; for the lady looked at me with alarm.

"What is the matter, sir?" she asked.

"Nothing, madame, nothing."

"You appear to be violently affected, are you unwell? Shall I ring for Thomas? we can soon prepare you a bed."

"Nothing ails me, I assure you. But it is getting late, and I fear my friends will be uneasy at my absence. I must beg your permission to retire."

"I cannot allow you to go in such a state."

She had seized the bell cord. I would not suffer her to ring. "You must take a few drops of ether, at all events." Saying this she ran to the door of her dressing-room: the light penetrated into it; oh, horrible! a man's head hanging by the hair met my gaze! my knees gave way, and I fell back upon my seat; the lady returned with a vial. Passing suddenly from lethargy to a state of despair, "Let me fly," I cried furiously; "No, I will receive nothing at your hands. Is this the reward of

the services I rendered you?" These words produced a magic effect. The lady rang. Thomas appeared, but no order was given him. We were all three mute with surprise.

Thomas at length broke silence. "Did you ring for me, madame?"

"Show the gentleman out."

I gave no time to repeat the order; in two jumps I was out of the house—the old servant was at my heels, but the keen night air cooled my agitation, and I stopped a moment to breathe freely.

"Wretch, what is your mistress's name!"

"Miss \* \* \*"

"It is well. I shall complain of her."

"Sir?"

"I shall go immediately to the police office."

"Why so, sir?"

"To have her taken up for murder—the proofs are ample."

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Of what profession is your mistress?"

"She is an actress."

"What means that blood upon her bed?"

"You are under a mistake, sir. You no doubt saw some tulip leaves that Miss scattered there this morning."

"And the dagger under her pillow?"

"My mistress has several; she was to appear with one to-day; she made a selection, and the one you saw she had probably rejected."

"But the man's head in the dressing room?"

"It was no doubt one of her wigs; you must have seen it from behind."

In effect I waited upon Miss —, the next day in the green room. I told her my ridiculous terrors, and they made us both laugh heartily. In short the consequences of this acquaintance were worthy of the manner in which it was formed, and Miss — is now my wife.

## GLACIERS.

No person can contemplate the surface of this earth without being impressed with a deep sense of the beauty and grandeur which in almost every country it exhibits. The sunny valley, the extended plain, the lofty ice-crowned mountain, alike manifest the presence of that power which pervades the whole visible creation. Well has the poet expressed this in the following invocation:—

"Spirit of nature! This is thy fitting temple!

Where not the lightest leaf

That quivers to the passing breeze,

But is instinct with thee!"

With minds thus prepared to be affected by the sublimity or the scenes we must now imagine, let us proceed to examine the origin and nature of those immense masses of ice which are termed glaciers, and which are found on the summits of high mountains.—When we ascend from the surface of the earth into the higher regions of the atmosphere, we find that the air becomes rarefied; the sun's rays, which impart warmth, are reflected round us with less intensity, and a sense of coldness is experienced. Saussure, in travelling over the Alps, found that the temperature of the air diminished one degree for eve-



ry two hundred and eighty-seven feet that he ascended. Dr. Heberden, in journeying over the Azores, found the thermometer fall one degree for every two hundred and forty-five feet. A thermometer, placed on the top of Arthur's Seat, will stand three degrees lower than another kept in a situation on a level with its base. Accordingly, it is found that snow exists in all countries at a certain height above the level of the sea, and this particular height is designated the "snow line." We must now, then, picture to ourselves a lofty chain of mountains—the range of the majestic Alps. When the traveller has ascended one of these mountains, he finds himself surrounded by colossal masses of ice. The snow which falls in these high regions is finer, drier, and more crystalline than that which, falling through a denser atmosphere more charged with vapor, reaches the lower region of the mountains. Most truly has the poet, in contemplating the summit of Mont Blanc, said—

"Mont Blanc yet gleams on high: The power is there—

The still and solemn power of many sights.

Winds contend

Silently there, and heave the snow with breath,  
Rapid and strong—but silently."

The snow which thus accumulates on the tops of these mountains, agglomerates in a slow and irregular manner, under the form of grains, into considerable masses, which, during the summer, are exposed to continual changes of temperature. The very keen cold of the night renders the surface of the mass so hard, that the footstep of the traveller makes no impression on it. The intense heat of the succeeding day, however, separates anew the snowy grains, and the water so melted, penetrating into the interstices thus produced enlarges each grain by congealing round it. This operation proceeding for a considerable period, and on a great scale, at length gives rise to so compact a crystallized mass, that the rays of the sun have not power to melt it; instead of which, they produce an expansion of the air within the glacier, which gives rise to sudden and violent rents at the surface, which are often of considerable magnitude. "One day," says Professor Hugi, who explored the glaciers of the Alps, "being on the inferior glacier of the Aar during an intense heat, at three o'clock, P. M. I heard a very peculiar noise. I advanced rapidly from thirty to forty paces from the side where the noise was heard; I felt the mass of the glacier shake by jolts under my feet, and I soon discovered the cause. A fissure was formed in an instant, the aperture was elongated from twelve to twenty feet, so that I was unable to follow its formation. Sometimes the operation seemed about to cease, and the mass separated itself very slowly; then again, the fissure continued to open quickly, and by jolts. Many times I ran forward in time to see the separation taking place under my feet. I followed in this way the formation of the fissure over an extent of almost a quarter of a league, even to the border of the glacier, where it stopped. The fissure open-

ed at first, under the first concussion, about an inch and a half, but afterwards it again contracted, so that its breadth did not attain to more than an inch. The interior of this fissure was rough and unequal; a part of the crystals were broken into two, and others almost untouched formed projections to which there were corresponding hollows in the opposite surface. \* \* \* During the whole of my stay on the inferior glacier of the Aar, we were awaked every night twice or thrice by the subterranean noises which proceeded from the interior of the glacier. Twice the bed itself, which we had dug in the glacier, and which was lined with slates and moss, was violently shaken by jolts analogous to those which I had observed during the formation of the fissure; but the shaking appeared so deeply seated, that we could not for a moment entertain the idea that any rent or crevice would open at the surface." Here we may for a moment pause, to reflect on the awe-inspiring effect of such a scene. It has been well described by Lord Byron, who has put these words into the lips of the gloomy and desperate Manfred:

—"Ye toppling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down  
In mountains overwhelming, come and crush me!  
I hear ye momentarily, above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,  
And only fall on things that still would live;  
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut  
And hamlet of the harmless villager."

In connexion with the rifts thus produced in these glaciers, we may quote the following observations and anecdote by Mr. Bohr, who visited the glaciers on one of the high mountains in the interior of Norway:—"It is not," says he, "without terror that you look down into these fearful abysses, however beautiful their azure-colored walls are. In their cold bottoms the lonely traveller has sometimes found his grave. A few years ago, a peasant crossing over from Justedal to Nordfiord, fell into one of these large clefts, which was concealed by the snow. His only companion, a faithful dog, ran down to Justedal, barking and howling as a signal for help.—Nobody, however, comprehended his meaning, till the person who had fallen down was at last missed. Several persons then followed the dog up to the glacier, who stopped at the cleft, and gave such signs as put it beyond all doubt that his master had fallen into it.—They threw down a rope, and made loud cries but in vain; the peasant had met his death in the immeasurable gulf. It was only by compulsion that the dog would leave the cleft."

People's Magazine.

From the Lexington (Ky.) Intelligencer.

#### MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL.

It is stated in the New York Farmer of Nov. 1st, that "at the recent Agricultural Fair of Pawtuxet, R. I., several premiums were awarded for superior crops, to the students of the Manual Labor School founded by the Society. The School commenced late in the spring, yet the number of students amounts to 92, and the crops exceed expectations."

We hope the time is not far distant when the attention of the citizens of Kentucky will have been so effectually called to the urgent claims of the manual labor system of education, which has acquired such "golden opinions" of approbation wherever it has been fairly tested, as to produce a spontaneous movement for the establishment of such schools in this state. Physical education has been too much neglected for many years. Hence, our seminaries of learning have sent forth their annual hundreds of study-worn dyspeptics; with minds well stored with knowledge of books, yet without the physical strength and elasticity of corporeal constitution requisite to give efficiency and energy to the whole character.

Manual labor schools educate the mind as well, to say the least, as other schools, while they educate the body better. There is another motive for their encouragement. They give to those who have not the pecuniary means for going through a common collegiate course, an opportunity to work their way; and experience has proved that men who have worked their own passage through the toilsome yet pleasant path of literature and science, have not been less remarkable for their contributions to the sum of scientific and professional learning, or done less for the literary honor of our country, than the more favored sons of fortune.

Manual labor seminaries of learning, if properly conducted, make as good and profound scholars as colleges on the old plan. But they make no dyspeptics. The devotees of science in their precincts come to their refectory with as keen an appetite as the farmer or the handicraftman goes to his daily meals, because they come from bodily labor and useful exercise to refreshment; and are prepared with a keener relish for intellectual pursuits, than he enjoys whose blood has not been warmed by bodily exertion.

Manual labor schools do not over work the body. They aim to give the student only so much labor as nature requires, to enable all her operations in the human system to go on with the vigor and harmony, and correctness, which tend to perfect the whole man. How much, how long, and how severe labor she requires let experience decide. One thing may be conceded however, and that is, that she requires just as much from the sons of the rich as from the poor, from the princely nabob rolling in his elegant and expensive equipage, as from the son of the humbler laborer, whose occupation is at the wheel barrow or the wood-saw. On this subject, we say, experience must decide, and to it let us appeal.

Professor Hitchcock, says: "So far as I can judge from my own experience and observation upon others, I would say, unhesitatingly, that three hours of bodily exercise daily is the minimum quantity which can meet the demands of the human system, especially if the exercise be taken at different intervals."

And, as an argument for employing these hours of exercise in the manner proposed by the advocates of manual labor schools, the Rev. Dr. Alexander remarks:



"If two or three hours ought to be spent in healthful exercise, why not employ those hours daily in the pleasant occupations, of horticulture, agriculture, or mechanics?"

We have no doubt that the prosperity of all our colleges, and their real value to the country would be incalculably enhanced, were the exercises of a manual labor department made to constitute a part of the prescribed regular daily routine. A farm or an extensive garden might be attached to each whose products would more than supply its refectory, and, where eating "*in commons*" (a relic of monastic stupidity by the way) has been dispensed with, as in Transylvania, the products of such farm or garden, or workshop, might be sold for the advantage of the student.

The rich as well as the indigent student should take this *healthful and profitable* exercise, and if the rich did not need the pittance of the earnings of his own hands, he might consecrate the small amount to the advancement of the cause of letters, by appropriating it to the increase of the literary facilities afforded by his Alma Mater. But to make a manual labor school flourish, it must not be optional with the student whether he will work or not. He should be *required* to labor. He would soon *love* it, however repugnant it might at *first* be to his inclinations, or however much it may come athwart his early biases, or be at war with his provincial prejudices.

We did not intend to say half as much on this subject when we took up our pen; but having gone thus far, the reader will excuse us for introducing an anecdote illustrative of our last remark. We had it from an eyewitness.

A student from the south, (one of the Carolinas we believe) went to the Oneida Manual Labor Institute to *work and study*. His father was affluent and could *afford* to support him in idleness, if he regarded only his purse. The young man's habits were such as are common among the sons of the wealthy planters of that section of the union. Labor at all work, the performance of menial offices for himself, the brushing his own coat and blacking his own shoes were exercises to which he had never turned his attention, having been surrounded by slaves to go and come at his bidding, and to wait on their "young master" at a word or a look. He had acquired the common through erroneous notions that labor was degrading; that it was better to be waited on by others, in a bungling and unsatisfactory manner, than to depend on himself for those little services which he could in fact much better perform for himself.

At the Institute every man and boy brushes his own coat and shoes, and keeps them neat and nice, and if they happen to need the aid of Snip or Crispin, he carries them himself to be mended. Every one does this, and no one thinks of being ashamed to be seen so employed. Our young southron had a shoe with a *rip* which must be closed. "A stitch in time saves nine" is an adage practiced upon at the Institute, and generally at the north more than in those countries where slaves darken the land. The trouble now was to find some one

to carry our hero's shoe to the cobbler's. He inquired for some one. Every one was busy about his *own* business. He watched and waited, and wondered how he should compass the wished for object! His fellows saw his sorrowful plight, but they did not laugh at and ridicule him. They were aware of his early habits and they intended to bring him right by a judicious, a philosophical remedy for the mental ailment under which they found him laboring. They did not tell him with a sneer, to carry his own shoe to the cobbler. But in the course of a week one of *them*, had a shoe that needed the awl. Special care was taken that he should carry it to the cobbler, as a thing of course, in the presence of their *squeamish* companion. And so of every thing else. He soon found that it was the easiest, the most independent, the most satisfactory and the most honorable course of procedure in such cases, *to wait on himself*.

Our southern friend was not a member of the Oneida manual labor institute four months, before you might have seen him in his "tow frock" that tied round the neck and extended to his feet and wrists for the preservation of his better clothes, standing driving the Institute cart, empty, or laden with manure for the farm, cracking his whip, through the streets of Whitesboro', as merry and as contented as honest and honorable labor, joined with the pleasant pursuit of intellectual improvement, could make him. "He is not ashamed to work," said our informant, "for he finds it fashionable, and is convinced that it is the most eligible mode of getting through the world happily."

#### HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The extraordinary success of Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy" is well known. A French edition is now publishing in parts; and the translator, M. B. Maurice, naturally anxious to prefix to his work some account of the writer, appears to have addressed to her a letter of inquiry, and has published a translation of her interesting reply. We are indebted for the translation here given to the Monthly Repository—a work deservedly commended for the freshness and vigor of its original papers:—

Miss Harriet Martineau to M. B. Maurice.

London, June 3, 1833.

Sir,—I cannot refuse to give you the particulars for which you ask in a letter I have just received, respecting myself and the work which, after having excited your attention, has given you an employment that I fear must sometimes be a tedious one. The curiosity which the authors of popular works generally excite is innocent and natural; I have felt it too often myself not to be inclined to satisfy that which I may excite in others.

My family is of French origin, as my name must already have suggested to you. All that is known of it is that my great grandfather, who was a surgeon, quitted France on account of his religion, at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and settled

at Norwich, in the county of Norfolk, where he married a French lady, who had emigrated at the same period and for the same reasons. Ever since, my family has maintained an honorable station in society, the eldest sons all practising surgery, the others devoting themselves to commerce or manufactures. My father the youngest of five brothers, was the proprietor, at Norwich, at his native place, of one of the manufactories peculiar to that town. He had eight children, of whom I am the sixth.

I was born in the month of June, 1802.—The following are the principal circumstances which have combined to give me a taste for literary pursuits: my health, now perfectly good, was extremely delicate in my childhood; I have been ever since that period, afflicted with an infirmity (deafness) which without absolutely depriving me of all intercourse with the world, has forced me to seek occupation and pleasure within myself; lastly, that which has contributed to it more than all the rest, is the affection subsisting between me and one of my brothers whose age is nearest my own, and who adopted one of the learned professions.

The first work that I published was a little volume entitled 'Devotional Exercises,' for the use of young persons. It appeared in 1822, and its success encouraged me to let it be followed soon by another of the same description, entitled 'Addresses, with Prayers and Hymns, for the use of families and schools.' About this time a circumstance occurred which was the origin of that series of tales you are now engaged in translating. A country bookseller asked me to compose for him some little work of fiction; I thought that I might join the useful to the agreeable, as I had the choice of the subject, if I could show the folly of the populace of Manchester, who had just been destroying the machinery, to the great detriment of the manufactures, on which their bread depended. I produced a little story, entitled 'The Rioters,' and the following year another, on wages, called 'The Turn Out.' I was far from suspecting, while I wrote them, that wages & machinery had anything to do with political economy; I not even knew whether I had ever heard of the name of that science. It was not till some time afterwards, that reading Mrs. Marcet's 'Conversations on Political Economy,' I perceived that I had written political economy, as M. Jourdain spoke prose, without knowing it. Mrs. Marcet's excellent work suggested to me the idea, that if some principles had been successfully laid down in a narrative form, all might be so equally well. From that moment I was continually talking with my mother and the brother whom I have mentioned to you, of the plan which I am at present executing. Nevertheless, I had no friend in the literary world, which is indispensable towards gaining the confidence of the booksellers. No one who could be of any use to me would pay any attention to my plan. Really I cannot complain much of this; it must I own have appeared whimsical enough and, all things considered, of very doubtful success



I am far from regretting this delay, which has enabled me to exercise myself in a different kind of composition, and has left me time to acquire some knowledge of the world, a thing so necessary to the truth of descriptions so varied as mine must be.

During the three years which preceded the publication of my tales, I was constantly writing on different subjects; I was, besides, employed in reviewing works on metaphysics and theology, in the Monthly Repository, a periodical, the editor of which, the Rev. W. J. Fox, is after my brother James, my steadiest friend, and the best guide that I have ever had in literature and in philosophy. I published besides, in 1830, the 'Traditions of Palestine.' In the course of the following year, the Association of Unitarian Dissenters, to whom I belong, printed three essays of mine, which had obtained prizes, and which were addressed to the Catholics, the Jews, and the Mahometans. Meantime I had quite made up my mind to risk the publication of my 'Illustrations of Political Economy.' The plan had been rejected by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, though only two or three of its members had paid any attention to it. No bookseller of any reputation would hear of my work, and when the recommendation of a literary man I have mentioned had determined me to attempt the enterprise, it was begun, a thousand voices uniting to announce that it would not succeed. At the end of one month success was certain.

I was sure that it would be so; not that I exaggerated my talents: I am as far as ever from thinking that this work has succeeded because it has been written by me; but I think that the want of such a work was felt so much by the public, that it was sure to be caught up with eagerness. This conviction gave me the courage to undertake it, and its being so well timed is sufficient by itself to explain the great number of copies which have been sold.

My intention was at first only to publish twenty-four tales; but as the taxes is a subject towards which the public mind is particularly directed at present, and as there is the greatest necessity that the people should be enlightened with regard to them, I have resolved to enlarge my plan, and to go as far as thirty tales.

As it has been erroneously supposed that my work was finished before I began the publication of it, I am glad to have an opportunity of telling you, that I only write each tale in the month before it is printed, that I may have the advantage of the newest discoveries upon the subject of which I treat. No one but myself sees them before they are given to the printer, and no one has ever helped me in their compilation. My brother the only individual whose assistance I could accept, lives at Liverpool. I can not, therefore, consult him. Last autumn I quitted Norwich for London, where I intend to remain.

Besides my Tales, which appear monthly, I have just undertaken a little series of four numbers on our system of Poor Laws, which will be circulated by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The first entitled 'The Parish,' came out a fortnight ago; the second will be published in the course of the summer.

There is not at present any portrait of me published, but Finden is engraving one on steel, which will, I believe, soon be out.

I think I have answered all your questions: nothing remains but to assure you of the interest with which I shall see your translation. I shall be happy to own myself indebted to you, if through your means, I can render to the French people the services that my countrymen have allowed me to render to them.

I am, Sir, very sincerely, yours, &c.  
HARRIET MARTINEAU.

#### MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

We have done a little wrong to Major Jack Downing in not mentioning sooner the arrival of his book in our city. It is a very neat duodecimo of 260 pages, comprising all his correspondence—that is, seventy letters of racy wit and great historical interest. He has dedicated the collection—as of right—to General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, and introduced an auto-biographical sketch of thirty four pages. The letters of his best imitator (at New-York) are appended. The publication of this truly original work should be considered as forming an epoch. We subjoin the major's characteristic preface.—*Nat. Gaz.*

"After I got my book all done, and had looked it over every day as the printer went along with it, till I got clear to the last page, so as to see it was done right, the printer come to me, and says he, we want a Preface now. A preface! says I, what in nature is that? Why says he, it is something to fill up the two first pages with. But, says I, aint the two first pages filled up yet? I thought we had jest got through the last page; I hope our cake aint all dough again. O, it's all right, says he we always print the first pages last; all we want now is the preface, to fill up them ere two first pages. Well, says I, but this is a pretty curious piece of business, this duin work backwards. I've hearn tell that Freemasons when they build their chimneys, begin at the top and work down, and that's got the Anti-Masons so mad about it, that they are going to tear 'em all up, root and branch; but I never know afore that folks printed the first end of the book last. But now, says I, Mr. printer, if I've got to make this ere preface that you tell about, what must I put into it? O, says he, you must tell 'em something about the book; how you come to make it and what's in it, and what it's good for, and the like of that. Well, says I, if that's all, I guess I can work it out in short metre. In the first place then, I made the book because I could't help it; if I hadn't made it, I dont believe but what I should have split. And in the next place, I made it so as to get my letters altogether, out of the way of the rascally counterfeiters, so that folks might know the good eggs from the rotten ones. And about these counterfeiters, I see the New York Daily Advertiser says they are going to print a book of the counterfeit letters somewhere there or at Philidelphia. All I have to say about it is, they are welcome to print as many letters as they are a mind to, if they will only jest put their own names to 'em. But he that will print his letters and put my name to 'em, I think would steal a sheep.

And in the next place, as to what is in the book, I guess folks will find that out fast enough, without my telling them.

And in the last place, as to what it is good for, it will tell folks more about politics, and how to get offices, than ever they know before in all their lives; and what is the best ou't, it will be pretty likely to get me in to be President.—MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

Chrysippus, an ancient Greek philosopher, was remarkable for extreme poverty. Some of his orations and writings came to the ear of Polycrates, King of Samos; he was so well pleased with them, that he sent him a present in money, to the value of about \$5000. A short time after, the philosopher presented himself before the King, and delivered the exact sum he had received. Why, man, said Polycrates what do you mean? Do you, that are so needy that your necessities are proverbial, reject such a present, and that from the hands of a King? Please your majesty, said the philosopher, three days and nights have passed since I received your money—during that time I have not enjoyed a moment of sleep for fear of being robbed. Be so gracious, therefore, as to receive back your money, as I prefer the hunger and misery of poverty, to the disquiets and discontents that attend riches.

Among the Organic Remains found in the Marl Pits of Lusas Benner, Esq., in Craven county, North Carolina, are the following.

"Several pits have been dug, some of them to the depth of 25 feet below the surface of the river. In the course of these excavations, a great variety of interesting organic remains have been found, consisting of sea shells, bones and teeth of fishes, and the bones of land animals of prodigious size. Mr. B. mentions that the following is the order in which these remains have been found:—1st. Sharks' teeth, and the fragments of bones of marine fishes mingled with sea shells. 2d. Teeth, horns, hoofs, ribs, vertebrae, &c. of quadrupeds that inhabited the land, mingled with sea shells of great variety. These remains of land animals are found at the depth of from 20 to 25 feet below the surface of the earth. Among them are recognized with certainty the teeth of the great mastodon, (Mastodon giganteum of Cuvier,) the hoofs, horns, and vertebrae of a great elk, and the teeth of an animal supposed to be the hyena.

"That was certainly a strange world in which such animals as these browsed and prowled! and, it might seem scarcely compatible with the co-existence of man in his rude state, armed only with the bow and the club.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS, accompanied by a Celestial Atlas. Hartford: F. J. Huntington. Boston: Allen and Ticknor. This is an exceedingly well planned and an admirably well executed work—not only suitable for schools, but worthy of a place in the library of every lady and gentleman. If any one is taller than he might walk beneath the stars for him alone it is unsuitable, and to him we cannot recommend it—to all others it may be recommended as interesting and valuable.—*Pearl.*

THE YOUNG MAN'S GUIDE, a volume of 320 pages is an excellent work, and is designed as a cheap manual for Young Men, though it is believed to embrace much useful information to persons of every description.

Rochester Gem,

## POETRY.

## SONG.

From the French of Beranger.

"Shepherd! thou sayest our earthly doom  
Obeysome stars mysterious power."  
"Yes, my fair child: but night's deep gloom  
Veils from our eyes the destined hour."  
"Shepherd! thou read'st the stars aright,  
Hast tracked each planets wandering way;  
Say, what betides yon falling light,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, some mortal breathes his last,  
His star shoots downward from its sphere;  
That being's latest hours we past  
Mid jovial friends and festive cheer:  
All reckless sped his summoned sprite,  
While flushed in enviable sleep he lay"—  
"See yet another fleeting light,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, how pure, how bright its beam!  
There sank a maiden good and fair!  
This morn repaid each wishful dream,  
Each constant sigh, each hour of care;  
This morn her brow with flowers was dight,  
She cross'd her fathers door to-day"—  
"See! yet another passing light,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"Just then, a high and mighty lord,  
New-born, in gold and purple sleeping,  
His infant breath to heaven restored,  
And left a princely mother weeping:  
Courtier, and slave, and parasite,  
Were gathering round their future prey"—  
"See yet another meteor light,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, how comet-like it gleamed!  
A royal favorite's star was there,  
Who laughed our woes to scorn, and deemed  
'T was pride to mock a realm's despair:  
Even now his flatterers hide from sight  
The portraits of their god of clay"—  
"See! yet another wandering light,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"My child, the blessings of the poor  
Winged heavenward yonder fleeting soul;  
Distress but gleams from other's store,  
From him she reap'd a plenteous dole:  
From far and near, this very night,  
Towards his door the houseless stray"—  
"See! yet another falling light,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

"That star controlled a monarch's fate!  
Go! welcome, son, thy lowly dwelling;  
And envy not the stars of state  
In lustre or in size excelling:  
For didst thou shine all coldly bright  
In useless grandeur, men would say,  
'Tis but a passing meteor light,  
Which shoots, and shoots, and fades away!"

## THE YOUNG POET.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

No titled birth had he to boast,  
Son of the desert, fortune's child;  
Yet not by frowning fortune cross'd—  
The muses on his cradle smiled. *Dermody.*

The tone of his wild harp oft beguiled  
The sorrow that dimm'd his eye,  
And the spirit that breathed in his song was mild  
As the breath of the morning sky:  
The call of ambition, whose magic fills  
The vista of life with its thousand ills,  
Though it spoke to his heart of proud career,  
Never woke one kindred emotion there.

The bright spell of beauty that light hearts  
wear,

In the dreaming of childhood known,  
All dimmed by the dark gilded shades of care,  
Went fading when youth came on:  
Yet the pure warm sunshine of feeling threw  
Its halo upon him, when life was new!  
And, fairer than Eden's first morning bloom,  
Illumined his pathway through years of gloom.

He has gone from the cold world's sympathy,  
To the geurdon of life above,  
In the strange, bright regions of poesy,  
And beauty, and light, and love:  
Through the depths of that many-spangled  
way

Where the children of fancy are wont to stray  
To the blissful home of the deathless nine,  
Where the stars of genius forever shine.

## WINTER.

Old Time has laid his mantle by,  
His summer suit of gaudy green,  
With all its rich embroidery,  
Of sunlight poured on rustic scenes.

No beast, or bird, in earth or sky,  
Whose voice doth now with gladness thrill;  
Since Time has laid his mantle by,  
That gaily clad each grove and hill,—  
His summer suit of gaudy green,  
With all its rich embroidery.

River and fountain, brook and rill,  
Through leafless groves of sober grey,  
O'er frozen rock, and icy hill,  
Now hold their solitary way:  
And e'en the winds in sadness sigh,  
Since Time has laid his mantle by,  
His summer suit of living green,  
With all its rich embroidery.

The birds have ceased their notes of love,  
And winged to sunnier climes their way;  
There is no music in the grove,  
No warmth nor beauty in the day.  
All nature droops, all pleasure die,  
Since Time has laid his mantle by,  
His summer suit of living green,  
With all its rich embroidery.

## PROSPECTUS

*Of the Second Volume of the Literary Cabinet, to be enlarged, improved, and published weekly, with the title of*

## THE WESTERN GEM,

And Cabinet of Literature, Science, and News.

The publisher of the Literary Cabinet proposes to commence the Second Volume with new and important improvements. Encouraged by the general manifestation among his friends, of a willingness to support a WEEKLY JOURNAL, of a Literary and Scientific character, he has resolved to commence the publication weekly, on or about the First of January, 1834. The character of the paper will undergo a considerable improvement; it being the intention of the editor to furnish a greater proportion of matter of a solid and instructive kind, to the exclusion of that which is light and unimstructive. It is the determination of the editor to spare no pains to render his paper a "GEM" worthy of admission into every family circle, and one, to the pages of which every member of a family may apply for instruction or entertainment. The following will be the order and character of its various departments.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.—Under this head will be included all the selected ar-

ticles from foreign or American journals, which will not class more properly under the Scientific department. They will consist of Tales, Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Biography, History, &c. As the editor will have access to some of the best literary magazines and journals in the country, he confidently expects to be able to make this department as interesting as that of any other western periodical.

ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.—This department of the paper will be made unusually interesting. In addition to the occasional contributions of writers in different parts of our country, the editor has had the promise of assistance from GEO. W. THOMSON, & C. C. CARROLL, Esqrs. both of whom are favorably known as writers in the various departments of Literature,—and also from some others, whose names he is not permitted to make public.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.—Sectional politics and religious controversy will be strictly avoided. But in every thing else the editor shall give his pen a free range;—on all occasions endeavoring to maintain that candid course so necessary to the success of a journal, and without which none can be respectable. This department, however, will be principally devoted to subjects connected with the literature of our country—particularly that portion of it usually denominated THE WEST.

DEPARTMENT OF NEWS.—In this place will be given a synopsis of the latest news, both foreign and domestic. As the limits of the paper will not permit of extended and minute details of passing events, only a condensed summary of that which shall appear most interesting to the general reader, and that which relates to subjects of Literature, Science, and Philanthropy, will be given. For the purpose of putting as much news as possible in a small compass, the matter for this department will be principally re-written.

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.—It is intended to reduce this department of the paper to some fixed plan, instead of following the common method of an indiscriminate selection, as heretofore. Cuts will occasionally be given, for the purpose of illustrating the more difficult branches of science; this will be a new and important additional feature, which will add to its interest and usefulness, and considerably increase the expenses of the publication.

## TERMS.

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